

1735
CALLISTIA;

K
OR

The PRIZE of BEAUTY.

PROMISEM.

CALLISTIA was a certain Grecian Lady; and in the Temple of Juno, when that Goddess by the Ministry of Orpheus, sung an annual ode to the Lais.



LONDON,

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(Price Six Pence.)

CALLISTIA

OR

THE PRIZE OF BEAUTY.



ADVERTISEMENT.

* **C**ALLISTIA were certain GRÆCIAN Feasts anciently observed in the Island LESBOS, where the Women assembled in the Temple of JUNO, when that Goddess by the Mouth of her Oracle adjudged an annual Prize to the fairest.

* Vid. P. Montfaucon, &c.



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CALLISTIA;

OR

The PRIZE of BEAUTY.

NOW the long wish'd for Morning gilds the *East*,
And joyful *Trumps* proclaim the yearly *Feast*.
Each *LESBIAN Nymph*, whom Thoughts of Conquest
fir'd,

Who to SATURNIA'S glorious *Gift* aspir'd,
To JUNO'S *Temple* hastes, nor doubts the *Prize*
Of *Beauty* due to her resistless Eyes.

The PRIZE.

A *GOLDEN Heart* with *Gems* all powder'd o'er,
Transfix'd by *Darts*, and stain'd with seeming *Gore*,
Amidst the *Fane* is on an *Altar* laid,
The *Matron's Hope*, the Wish of ev'ry *Maid*.

ASTRÆA.

FIRST from the rival Crowd *ASTRÆA* press'd,
And on her Knees the *Goddeſs* thus address'd.

WHERE

WHERE e'er thy *Oracle's* tremendous Voice,
 Great *Queen of Heav'n*, shall fix the doubtful Choice,
 A Mist'ry to us *Mortals* still unknown,
 Surely by Right the *Prize* is mine alone!
 For me young DAMON sicken'd, pin'd, and dy'd;
 By me old haughty GERON was deny'd.
 STREPHON, the artful STREPHON wears my Chains,
 And wealthy MILO of my Frowns complains.
 What tho' my tender *Youth* and *Prime* are past?
 In their bright *Summer* still my *Beauties* last.
 Which Way so e'er I tread, the wond'ring Crowd
 Praise my majestic *Height* and *Air* aloud.
 Long has the *Town* this *finish'd Face* admir'd:
 What *Fools* have I inform'd? What *Bards* inspir'd?
 SHE said, and to the *Troop* again retir'd.

CASSANDRA.

CASSANDRA next, created to excel,
 Before the sacred *Image* prostrate fell.

JUNO, she cry'd, *Sister* and *Wife* of JOVE,
 Who sways the *Earth*, the *Realms*, and *Gods* above!
 If to be *fair* and *courted*, *rich* and *great*;
 To *rule* the *mighty Man* that rules our *State*,
 Be just Pretences to the *Prize* in View,
 Only to me your *golden Heart* is due.

ASPA-

A S P A S I A.

ASPASIA now 'advanc'd with haughty Stride,
Full of her vain hereditary Pride;
With Scorn, the *Nymphs* around she first surveys,
And thus from her own Mouth denounc'd her Praise.

SPRUNG from an *Hero*, still with *Laurels* crown'd,
For *Courage*, and for *Conduct* far renown'd;
No less have I been fam'd for *Beauty's* Charms,
My *Features* as successful as his *Arms*!
Beauty has still been *partial* to our *Race*,
Witness its Ruins in old MYRRHA's Face,
My *Mother's* latter Bloom, and matchless Grace.

B R I S E I S.

BRISEIS, whom DIRCE to MENANDER bore,
And who was pleas'd, as DIRCE did before,
To list in VENUS' Train, and has thought fit,
To venture too upon a Man of *Wit*;
Puts in her Claim, and well may hope Success,
So like what DIRCE was; tho' all confess,
Who felt the *Mother's* Charms, the *Daughter's* less.

E R I N N Y S.

ERINNY S, whom no *Minister* of *Hell*
In Envy, Malice, Fury can excel,

B

Who

Who even hates to her *own proper Race*,
 And wears a teeming *Mischief* in her Face,
 The loud ERINNYS now asserts the *Prize*:
 Her *Tongue* some *Wit* at *Railing* none denies;
 But all refuse their Homage to her *Eyes*.

S E M I R A M I S.

S E M I R A M I S appear'd amidst the Crowd,
 A little *old*, but not a little *proud*:
 By all despis'd, she all alike disdains,
 And boasts the *Blood* of *Monarchs* in her *Veins*.

G O D D E S S, she cry'd, I claim the golden *Prize*!
 This *Beauty* fir'd M Y R T I L L O, learn'd and wise;
 The great M Y R T I L L O by these *Charms* was won,
 M I N E R V A's Darling, and the *Muse's* Son.

S A P H O.

N O W S A P H O foremost in the *Lists* is found,
 S A P H O, for *Versè* and *Satire* keen renown'd.
 Her *Eyes* she boasts, her *Eyes* like th'*Eagle's* fierce;
 Sharp as her *Wit*, where e'er they light, they pierce.

C A L I S T O.

N O T so C A L I S T O's Eyes, which still impart
 The warmest Wishes to the coldest Heart.
 The glowing *Nymph* advanc'd, full ripe for Love,
 And thus to *Beauty's Prize* her Right wou'd prove.

OF all the *Maids* who wait around the *Throne*,
 For *Youth* and *Charms* I surely yield to none.
 The *Men* more *finish'd Beauties* may *admire* ;
 But where I glance, my Looks *command Desire*.

The GORGONS.

THE GORGONS next, three *Sisters* Hand in Hand
 Before the *Goddeſs* ſupplicating ſtand.
Fortune enrich'd them from the golden Shore,
 But on the Side of *Beauty* left 'em *poor* ;
Deformity and *Wealth* they had in ſtore.
 But here their Boast of *Suitors* nought avails:
 Th' *Assembly* laught and their *Petition* fails.

MANDANE.

AMIDST the *LESBIANS* to the *Temple* came,
 Proud of exotic *Charms*, a foreign *Dame*,
 In *PERSIA* bred ; *MANDANE* was her Name.
PHAÖN admir'd her in her native Land ;
 What *Nymph* the gen'rous *PHAÖN* can withſtand ?
 To *PHAÖN* ſhe her tender Heart reſign'd,
 And left her *miferable Spouſe* behind.
 Now to the *Goddeſs* ſhe directs her *Pray'r*,
 Vaunting her radiant *Eyes* and fable *Hair*.

BIBLIS.

THE *Widow BIBLIS* too Protection craves,
 And brags of *Four* fond *Huſbands* in their *Graves* :

Another

Another offer'd; but her *Virtue's* nice;
To wed a *fifth*, tho' lawful, looks like *Vice*.

O P S.

NOT so poor OPS, who only aim'd at two,
Yet lost her *Money* and her *second* too.
Her *first* defunct, tho' she could ill afford
To buy, with what he left, another *Lord*;
For him yet half her *Joynture* she disdain'd,
But *brib'd* him off, at last, with what *remain'd*.
Fleec'd, and alone in *Want* she now laments
Her *Folly* past, and all too late repents.
To *Beauty's Prize* she yet must needs aspire;
But a loud *Hiss* oblig'd her to retire.

H Y P S I P I L E.

AMIDST the Throng HYPISPILE appears,
Who counts Ten *Lustrums*, yet can charm in Years:
The young, the vig'rous JASON wears her Chains,
And all the LESBIAN *Girls* for her disdains.

A E L L O.

BUT why should worn HYPISPILE despair,
Since old AELLO thinks the *Prize* her Share!
Wrinkled and daub'd, the *Youth* she still essays,
And needs will yet be *flatter'd*; tho' she *pays*;
She still would *conquer*, still must be caress'd:
'Tis hard to quit a Pow'r we once possess'd,

With

With *Pray'r* the *Goddeſs* on her *Knees* ſhe tries;
 But, ſpent with *Age* and *Weakneſs*, could not riſe,
 The lofty *Temple's* *Vaults* with *Shouts* reſound,
 While ſtrong *THALESTRIS* lifts her from the *Ground*.

A R S I N O E.

A R S I N O E, who once at *Court* was ſeen
 A *Maid* attendant on the *LESBIAN* *Queen*,
 And whom wiſe *MENTOR* ſince was pleas'd to wed,
 A charming *Matron* now adorns his *Bed*.
 Advancing from the reſt her beauteous *Face*,
 She pleads her *Cauſe* with ſuch ſuperior *Grace*,
 That e'en her *Rivals* all confeſs her *fair*,
 Theſe her *Complexion* praiſe, and theſe her *Hair*,
 Her bright, yet languid *Eye*, and noble *Air*.

N I O B E.

NOW *NIOBE* is heard amidſt the *Throng*,
 And, teeming, rolls her yearly *Load* along.
 She boaſts the *num'rous Offspring* ſhe has bore;
 Six to this *Huſband*, Six to that before:
 And thinks her *Worth* and *Beauty* muſt be great,
 Who fir'd ſo often her prolific *Mate*,
 And gave ſo many *Subjects* to the *State*.

T H E A N O.

WITH ſtudy'd *Negligence* *THEANO* came,
 An arrant *Slattern*, but a *learned Dame*.

Of careless Dress, and sordid Garments proud,
 She shone like PHOEBUS thro' a dusky Cloud.
 To her was all the *Eastern Learning* known,
 And all wise *Nature's* Secrets were her own.

G O D D E S S, she cry'd, to me indulgent *Heav'n*
 Some *female Grace* with *manly Wit* has giv'n;
 Convince the World a *Beauty* may be wise,
 And let a *letter'd Fair* obtain your *Prize*!

H I P P O L I T A.

H I P P O L I T A, an AMAZONIAN bold,
 Frowning, advanc'd; gigantic and a *Scold*.
 The stern *Virago*, as her doubtless Right,
 Asserts the *Prize*, prepar'd to *charm* or *fight*.

T H U L E.

NEXT THULE came, as *white* and *cold* as Snow;
 Yet THULE warms one long-attending *Beau*:
Half-form'd, unfeatur'd she would pass for *fair*,
 With green, insipid *Eyes*, and flaxen *Hair*.

U R A N I A.

U R A N I A now the *rival Troop* alarms,
 A *Matron* in the *Summer* of her Charms;
 URANIA to SICILIAN Chiefs ally'd;
 Gay with *Discretion*, noble without *Pride*:

A jealous Murmur thro' th' *Assembly* spreads
At her Approach, and each her *Merit* dreads.

LAST came MELISSA, SCYLLA, BAUCIS, SPHINX,
And rustic GALATEA, scornful Minx;
With Twenty more, whose Names the *Muse* escape:
Some boast a *Hand*, or *Ear*; and some a *Shape*;
A *Mole*, a well plac'd *Curl*, or such like *Toy*;
A *Nose*, a dimpling *Smile*, *a-je ne scai quoy*.
In *Height* this fancies all *Perfection* lies;
The other in her *short, convenient* Size.
The *Fortune* sees her *Beauty* in her *Wealth*;
The *Needy* in good *Humour*, *Youth*, and *Health*.
One with a *lineal* *Grace* attempts to shine,
And cries, her *Race* were ever reckoned *fine*;
As *Charms* to the whole Progeny were lent,
And *Beauty* came, like *Chattels*, by Descent.
Here a *Prude* thinks all *Beauty* must be coy;
There a *Coquet* affects to promise *Joy*.
Another, e'en in *Sickness*, would excel,
And vows, 'tis vulgar to be always *well*;
Her *palid* Face, her *feeble, languid* Air,
She fain would pass for *elegant* and *fair*.

BUT now the *Oracle* declared aloud
The chosen *Nymph*, and thus dismiss'd the *Crowd*.

The ORACLE.

THE golden Heart to CYPARIS belongs,
 Conduct the Conqu'ress Home with Dance and Songs!
 Strew fragrant Flow'rs in the young Beauty's Way,
 And let her crown with Feasts this joyful Day!
 On her th' impartial Pow'r bestows the Prize:
 Her growing Charms shall to Perfection rise;
 Nor knows she yet the Magic of her Eyes!

F I N I S.



